

# The News and Herald.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY.

WINNSBORO, S. C., FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1901.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

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ADDRESS BY PROF. THOS. DELLA TORRE

On the Occasion of the Unveiling of the Timrod Memorial Bust.

We are assembled here to-day as Carolinians and Charlestonians to pay a tardy tribute of reverence to the memory of Henry Timrod. By the strange irony of fate, he who lived in poverty and died in want rises again in our midst to-day triumphant in bronze, in this the historic city of his birth, which he loved so well, within sound of those chimes whose music has ever since been sweeter for his words. This day—the long night past—amid sunshine and flowers, Henry Timrod comes into his lawful inheritance. This day, “with a chaplet on his forehead,” he justifies his life before his own people; for this day he is admitted, with due solemnity, to our hall of fame and takes his seat, of his own right, in the august company of the fathers, whose very names the true son of Carolina delights to recall. And so on this occasion so honorable, Mr. President, to those who conceived and made it possible, it is fitting that I should set forth briefly the measure of South Carolina's debt to Henry Timrod and the reasons that justify this memorial, which has been erected to his memory by the people of his native State, aided by contributions from many sections of the union.

It is not my purpose, however, to shadow this occasion which should be so full of brightness by the recital, familiar to you all, of the poet's brief, pathetic, and seemingly uneventful career. I look his whole life through and I find it best resumed in the beautiful words that stand out in bronze on a panel of the Timrod memorial to-day: “Through clouds and through sunshine, in peace and in war, amid the stress of poverty and the storms of civil strife, his soul never faltered and his purpose never failed. To his poetic mission he was faithful to the end. In life and in death he was not disobedient unto the heavenly mission.” This is the true story of his life. Yet one word of warning I feel I should add. Whenever the story of Timrod's life is told, it must be that the shadows come out in undue proportion. It is true that his life was a life of poverty, of much suffering and trial, and of promise somewhat blighted. It is possibly true that, as a writer of exquisite verse and of many compositions which are true poems, he did not fill with his own generation the place he holds

with us; but it is not true that Timrod lacked friends or that his genius was wholly unrecognized. Gilmore Simms, Paul Hayne, the brilliant John Dickinson Bruns, the late Judge Bryan and others perhaps not less gifted if less well remembered, and some, too, who are with us to-day, were his sincere friends and generous admirers, and often gave the friendly counsel, often spoke the word of encouragement so needful to the poet in his hard career. Those of an earlier generation will remember the thrill that flashed from sea to mountain when the warlike note of “Carolina” was first sounded; many a gray-haired matron in Charleston to-day will tell you that “Spring” and “A Common Thought” have lain in her heart for near half a century; and when we recall that the poet's life was embittered by poverty, we should remember, too, that his people were in want. The day of war and reconstruction is a grim day for all, and if grimmer for the poet, the fault lies, perhaps, with his people than with his art. Silent inter arma artes.

This is not the time nor is this the occasion for a critical estimate of the poetry of Henry Timrod, and were it so I could wish that that task had been assigned to a worthier hand. Nor can I, in the brief space of half an hour, consider his poetic range, the limitations of his art, or his individual treatment of the various manifestations of nature and the heart which are the poet's quarry. We are here to-day to crown and not to criticize. Yet it is my wish not to allow the inspiration of this occasion to hurry me into exaggerated claims which do not exalt, but belittle, the object of misplaced eulogy. And so I shall not say that Henry Timrod is a great poet. No truly great poet has yet been born on American soil, no do I think that our land—the greatest of all lands in material resources, the equal of any in commercial prosperity—will give birth to a great poet for perhaps many generations to come, precisely because the heart and brain of the land are too deeply absorbed in that material and commercial greatness. But I do claim that Henry Timrod is no mere writer of charming verse; that there runs through his compositions the true and vital, if fine, flame that separates by the essential line the work, however charming, of the versifier from the work of the poet.

I read his compositions and I find an imagination rich and vivid, a fancy at times as airy and delicate as the gossamer threads on

which in his “Cotton Boll” he has suspended the splendid fabric of the vision of his country's greatness. I find a poetic diction that must haunt the dullest ear; felicity in the choice of epithets that lifts common things to distinction. I find exquisite finish and a just sense of form; a sensibility to the beauty of outward things that is born with the artistic temperament; a keen vision of the spiritual meaning that underlies the visible universe. Lastly, I find the heart of the true poet, ever as responsive to noble emotion as the strings of the Aeolian harp to the voice of the breeze. All these things I find and, in right of these things, I claim that “Spring,” “A Common Thought,” “Carolina,” “Ethnogenesis,” and many other compositions I might name are not a series of charming or spirited verse, but are true poems in the exacting modern sense.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, if Henry Timrod's life is seemingly so uneventful, if it is not claimed that he is a great poet, will you then be tempted to ask: Why stands this monument here to-day; what is its justification? I might claim, Mr. President, that every true poet has a right to honor among his own people; for it is a great thing for a land to have given birth to a poet. As the Greeks in the olden days, when setting out for a new land, bore with them some sparks of the sacred fire of Hestia and kinship with the great mother-state was felt and acknowledged so long as that slender flame still burned; so, too, the land that has fostered in one son a spark of the sacred fire of poetry belongs no longer among the undistinguished peoples, but has a claim to kinship—remote if you will, but true—with the great motherlands of songs, with Greece and Italy and England. She who before was silent, has found “the gift of tongues,” and speaks in the universal language understood of all men—the language of nature and the language of the heart.

But not only does the poet glorify his native land, but for every man in that land has the poet a mission. For in every man there is an unconscious poet, but it is the true poet alone who gives shape in universal symbols to the eternal aspirations that vaguely haunt the threshold of each heart and find no expression. For is not the poet he who interprets the mysteries and lessons of nature and the mysteries and lessons of the heart?—through whose deep eye we have a clearer view of the world without and the soul within? He passes into the forest and lo! his visions are not as the visions of other men; to his eye the tiniest flower is clothed in an unsoiled humanity and from its humble life he draws lessons that touch and uplift our common life—lessons of beauty and content and harmony. Does not purity live in the heart of the forest enfolded in a lily, and humility in a violet? In the fall of the dew and rain that “do noiseless battle” for the land, in the growth and unfolding of the delicate bud, in the voice of wind and tempest—in all these things the poet finds a lesson for his kind, and the delicate bands that unite inanimate creation with man are caught up and drawn together, and the harmony of the universe is unfolded. For thousands of years before the word “evolution” was heard, ‘twas the poet whose eye seized the universal thread that binds all creation into one whole, on whose enraptured gaze the harmony of nature and man first smote, from whose lips, touched with the revelation of that vision, burst the revelation of the unchanging rhythmic order and unity that pervade all creation.

And no one, Mr. President, who studies Timrod's works can fail to remark his deep feeling for nature—his keen insight into her secret ways. Nor was his love of nature merely the love of beautiful things, as objects of sensation, which is the source of descriptive poetry; it sprang rather from the deeper and more philosophical feeling that leads to reflective poetry—the recognition of the bond between nature and man—

(Continued on page two.)

W. W. BOYCE.

From Edgington's History.

John Boyce, grand-father of W. W. Boyce, came from Ireland. In 1765 he settled in Newberry County, S. C. He had one brother, Alexander Boyce, who commanded a company of artillery in the Revolutionary war, dying gallantly in the service of his country during the siege of Savannah. He was a merchant of Charleston. The Boyces went to England at the time of the conquest; they afterwards settled in the north of Ireland and were staunch Presbyterians.

William Waters Boyce was born in Charleston, S. C., October 24th, 1818; his parents were Robert Boyce and Lydia Waters, both natives of Newberry. The Boyces are of Norman descent and came to America from Ireland. The first Waters who came over, came in the “Mayflower.” Both Boyces and Waters fought bravely in the Revolutionary war. The mother of Mrs. Lydia Waters Boyce was Ruth Llewellyn, who claimed descent from Griffith of Llewellyn, the last of the Welsh kings.

William W. Boyce studied both at the S. C. College and Virginia University, at both of which he ranked with the talented young men. In October, 1838, he married Mary E. Pearson, daughter of Dr. George B. and Mrs. Elizabeth Pearson. He began the practice of law in Winnsboro, S. C., in 1841. He served in the S. C. Legislature one term, 1846 and 1847. In 1850 he was prominent as a co-operationist in the famous secession contest of that year. He was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives in 1853 and served until Dec., 1860 withdrawing with the delegation when South Carolina seceded.

While in Congress he delivered able speeches on all the prominent topics of the times and was always listened to with marked attention by both sides. He was the most conservative Southern man in Congress. His report on Free Trade, he being chairman of the special committee to which it was referred, created a world-wide sensation. Richard Cobden, the great English Free Trader, thus wrote of it: “I can conscientiously say that I have never before enjoyed the pleasure of reading so condensed and yet so complete an argument in favor of Free Trade and Direct taxation.”

Mr. Boyce always regretted secession, but went heartily with his State. He was never sanguine of the success of the Southern cause, though as a member of the Confederate Congress he always urged active measures. He grieved over the sad spectacle of his sorrowing country, the precious lives lost and general financial ruin. In the autumn of 1864 he wrote and published his letter to President Davis on the subject of peace. A storm followed, but he was sustained by an inner consciousness of duty performed and the sympathy of men from all sections of the Southern land. Within the past year a very decided letter from Gen. Lee, on the same subject, was made public for the first time. This letter was written in June and that of Mr. Boyce in Sept., 1864. Mr. Boyce possessed more moral courage than any public man at the South during that troublous time. He had convictions and courage enough to express and maintain them. Had he lived in a wiser age, he would have been more appreciated. The ending of the war left Mr. Boyce impoverished,—most of his best years were devoted to the public, and his own affairs neglected, consequently he was forced to begin life anew.

In Dec., 1866, he left South Carolina, accompanied by Mrs. Boyce, and settled in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of practicing law; but owing to the “test oath” it was several years before he was allowed to appear in the courts, during which time he assisted in editing the National Intelligencer, corresponded with several other papers and assisted Gen. Caleb Cushing in his practice.

There was something quite pathetic in his struggles at this time, but throughout he was cheerful and industrious. At last

## AS THE TIME FOR PLANTING IS NEAR,

I wish to announce that I have a fine assortment of both MULES AND HORSES, ready for work. A few acclimated Horses and Mules, for rough and heavy service.

THE HIGH GRADE ROCK HILL BUGGIES always in stock. Rock Hill One-Horse Wagons. Try one. Saddles, Bridles, Harness of all kinds and of the best make.

Thanking my friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage to me, I very respectfully solicit a continuance of the same,

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D. A. Crawford,  
WINNSBORO, S. C.



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WATCHES, CAMERAS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and many other valuable premiums for selling “QUICKMAID” Tablets at 10 cents a package. Each package makes 10 quarts of delicious FROZEN CUSTARD, in 10 minutes time. Every body buys. Send your name and address, and we will send you 12 packages, postpaid, and large premium list. When sold send to \$1.50, and we will send FREE your choice of premium. Write to-day and get extra present FREE. FRANKLIN CHEMICAL COMPANY, 330 Milford Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### CLERK'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD.  
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Rebecca P. Davis, as Treasurer of the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Winnsboro, S. C., Plaintiff, vs. Mary Preston Hitey and Robert C. Hitey, Defendants.

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale before the Court House door in Winnsboro, S. C., on the

FIRST MONDAY IN JUNE

next, within the legal hours of sale, at public outcry, to the highest bidder, the following described property, to wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land lying, being and situate in the town of Winnsboro, in the County of Fairfield and State of South Carolina, containing

ONE-HALF ACRE,

more or less, and bounded on the north by lot formerly owned by Mrs. R. M. Hitey, deceased; on the east by lot belonging to the estate of Dr. W. E. Aiken, deceased; on the south by Washington street of said town; and on the west by Vanderhorst street of said town.

TERMS OF SALE.

All the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, the purchaser to pay for all necessary papers and revenue stamps.

JOHN W. LYLES,  
May 6, 1901. C. C. P. F. C.  
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## Furniture.

WE still have a good stock on hand—the latest design, best workmanship. Prices have advanced, but we will give you the benefit of the old prices for a short time.

FURNITURE NEATLY REPAIRED AND UPHOLSTERING DONE.

### Sewing Machines.

We have the Twentieth Century, the latest invention; caps the climax and carried off the gold medal at the Paris Exposition and other exhibitions. Call on me and I will tell you how to save money in purchasing high grade machines and also give you detailed descriptions of them. Remember home dealers are the best. When you send money to a distant city in answer to a glowing advertisement expecting to get a big bargain probably you will get left. Don't be taken in by harpers; buy from those who have a reputation to sustain.

MACHINES REPAIRED AT MODERATE PRICE.

:: Stoves. ::

Air-Tight Heat, a/o Box and Coal Stoves at and below cost, rather than carry over until another season.

STOVES REPAIRED AND SOLVE MADE AS GOOD AS NEW.

The Undertaker's Department is complete. All calls promptly attended to.

R. W. Phillips.

### Notice--Town Tax-Payers.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, Winnsboro, S. C., April 11, 1901. At a meeting of the Town Council, held April 11th, 1901, it was ordered that the clerk publish a notice in the Winnsboro News and Herald to all persons owing taxes to the town for the fiscal year ending April 1, 1901, or any preceding year, to pay said taxes on or before the 15th day of May, 1901. And that on and after that date the clerk shall issue execution against property and persons of all delinquents. This will be done. By order of Council, April 11, 1901. JNO. J. NEIL, Clerk of Council. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. 4-16

## TO CLOSE OUT AT Cost.

A small lot of American Decorated China, consisting of—

Pitchers, - - - 20c.  
Covered Dishes, - 60c.  
Butter Dishes, - 40c.  
Sugar Dishes, - 32c.  
Oatmeal Sets, - 25c.

—at—

C. M. CHANDLER'S.